

It was a great land that rolled out so softly and easily. And in one part of the great land, there lived many fishermen. They were the men of the West. They fished with ease, and they hooked and landed a great many fish—bass, trout, sunfish, and others—for the waters that ran through the fishermen's land were rich in the things the fish found to be good. But the woods in the land of the fishermen had few big animals, for the woods were not rich in the things the big animals found to be good. And yet each fisherman was happy in his part of the land; for not only did he do well in his fishing, but he could also work close to his home and his family. And the fisherman loved his fishing, his land, his home, and his family.

And in another part of the great land, there lived many hunters. They were the men of the East. They hunted with ease, and they stalked and killed a great many animals—bear, deer, moose, and others—for the woods that were in the hunters' part of the land were rich in the things the animals found to be good. But the waters in the land of the hunters had few fish, for the waters were not rich in the things the fish found to be good. And yet each hunter was happy in his part of the land; for not only did he do well in his hunting, but he could also work close to his home and his family. And the hunter loved his hunting, his land, his home, and his family.

Then one day the hunters and their families heard that they could get good flesh that was not from their animals. Fish were what they wanted, for to eat fish was a treat in the land of the hunters. So the hunters would walk a long way west to the land of the fishermen. And when they neared one of the rivers that teemed with fish, the hunters would see fishermen walking about and tossing many of their fish toward the crowds of gulls cackling on the shore; for the fishermen wished to sell only the best of their fish. And many of their fish would never be the right kinds of fish to sell.